SONNETS

for the

AMUSEMENT

of

CHILDREN

BOYS and Girls, come out to play,
The Moon does shine as bright as
day;

Come with a hoop, and come with
a call,
Come with a good will, or not at all.

THE

LULLABY:

A COLLECTION OF

Sonnets,

FORTHE AMUSEMENT OF CHILDREN.

Jog on, jog on the foot-path-way,
And merrily leap the ſtile;
A chearful heart goes all the day,
A ſad, tires in a mile.

YORK:

Printed and Sold by E. Peck,
Lower-Ouſegate.

(Price One Penny.)

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION

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LOS ANGELES

Infantine Sonnets.

THERE was an Old Woman
toss'd in a blanket,
Seventeen times—as high as the
moon;
What she was sent there for—No-
body asked,
But in her hand she carried a broom.
Old Woman, Old Woman, pri'thee
said I,
Whither, and what about, going so
high?

AND THIS WAS THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN'S REPLY:

To sweep the Cobwebs from the Sky;
And I shall be back again by-and-by.

The Lullaby; or

THERE was a Man of Thessaly,
And he was wond'rous wise;
He jump'd into a quick-set hedge,
And scratch'd out both his eyes:
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jump'd into another hedge,
And scratch'd them in again.

JACK and Gill
Went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down,
And broke his crown,
And Gill came tumbling after.

WHO comes here?—*A Grenadier.*
What do you want?—*A pot of beer*
Where's your money?—*I've forgot.*
Get you gone, you drunken sot.

THREE Children sliding on the ice,
Upon a summer's day,
As it fell out they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

II.

Oh! had these children been at school,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not then been drown'd.

III.

Ye parents who have children dear,
And eke ye that have none,
If you would keep them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

RIDE a cock horse,
To Banbury cross,
To see what Tommy can buy;
A penny white loaf,
A penny white cake,
And a two-penny apple-pie.

Cock a doodle, doo,
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master has lost his fiddlestick,
And knows not what to do.

High diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jump'd over the moon
The little dog laugh'd
To see such fine craft,
And the dish ran away with the
spoon.

Round about, round about,
Magotty pye;
My father loves good ale,
And so do I.

See-Saw, Margery Daw,
Jackey shall have a new master;—
Jackey must have but a penny a day,
Because he can work no faster.

HUSH-a-by, baby,
On the tree top,
When the wind blows,
The cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks,
The cradle will fall,
Down tumbles baby,
Cradle, and all.

LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating of Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb;
And pull'd out a plumb,
And what a good boy was I.

PEASE-porridge hot,
Pease-porridge cold,
Pease-porridge in the pot,
Nine days old.
Spell me that in four letters.
I will, THAT.

Shoe the colt, shoe the colt,
Shoe the wild mare;
Here a nail, there a nail,
Yet she goes bare.

Is John Smith within?
Yes, that he is.
Can he set a shoe?
Aye, marry; two:
Here a nail and there a nail,
Tick, tack, too.

Jack Sprat
Could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so, betwixt them both,
They lick'd the platter clean.

One, two, three, four, five,
I caught a-hare alive;
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
I let him go again.

THE sow came in with a saddle,
The little pig rock'd the cradle,
The dish jump'd a top of the table,
To see the pot wash the ladle;
The spit that stood behind the door,
Call'd the dishclout dirty whore;
Ods-plut, says the gridiron,
Can't ye agree?
I'm the head constable,
Bring 'em to me.

THERE were two birds sat on a stone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
One flew away, and then there was one,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
The other flew after,
And then there was none,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
And so the poor stone
Was left all alone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de.

THERE was a little man.
Who woo'd a little maid,
And he said, Little maid, will you
wed, wed, wed?
I have little more to say,
So will you, aye or nay,
For the least said is soonest mended,
ded, ded.

II.

Then replied the little maid,
Little Sir, you've little said
To induce a little maid for to wed,
wed, wed;
You must say a little more,
And produce a little ore,
Ere I make a little print in your bed,
bed, bed.

III.

Then the little man replied,
If you'll be my little bride,
I'll raise my love notes a little high-
er, higher, higher;

Though my offers are not meet,
Yet my little heart is great,
With the little god of love all on
fire, fire, fire.

IV.

Then the little maid replied,
Should I be your little bride,
Pray what must we have for to eat,
eat, eat?
Will the flame that you're so rich in
Light a fire in the kitchen,
Or the little god of love turn the
spit, spit, spit?

V.

Then the little man he sighed,
And (some say) a little cried;
For his little heart was big with
sorrow, sorrow, sorrow;
As I am your little slave,
If the little that I have
Be too little,—why a little we will
borrow, borrow, borrow.

VI.

Then the little man so gent,
Maid the little maid relent,
And set her little heart a think kin,
kin, kin,
Though his offers were but small,
She took his little all,
She could have but the cat and her
skin, skin, skin.

Little Betty Winckle she had a pig,
It was a little pig not very big;
When he was alive he liv'd in clover,
But now he's dead and that's all over.
Johnny Winckle he
Sat down and cried;
Betty Winckle she
Laid down and died;
So there was an end of one, two,
and three;
Johnny Winckle he,
Betty Winckle she,
And Piggy Wiggie.

Great A, li tle A,
Bouncing B,
The cat's in the cupboard,
And she cannot see.

Trip upon trenchers,
And dance upon dishes,
My mother sent me for some bawm,
some bawm;
She bid me tread lightly,
And come again quickly,
For fear the young men should do
me some harm.
Yet didn't you see,
Yet didn't you see,
What naughty tricks they put upon
me;
They broke my pitcher,
And spilt the water,
And huff'd my mother,
And chid her daughter,
And kiss'd my sister instead of me.

Cross patch, draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup, and drink it up,
Then call your neighbours in.

Three wise Men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl:
If the bowl had been stronger,
My song had been longer.

There was an old Man,
And he had a calf,
And that's half:
He took him out of the stall,
And put him on the wall,
And that's all.

There was an old Woman
Liv'd under a hill;
And if she isn't gone,
She lives there still.

I won't be my father's Jack,
I won't be my father's Gill,
I will be the fidler's wife,
And have music when I will.
T'other little tune,
T'other little tune;
Prithee, Love, play me
T'other little tune.

See-Saw, sacaradown,
Which is the way to London town?
One foot up, the other foot down,
This is the way to London town.

Little Tom Tinker
Sings for his supper;
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter:
How will he cut it,
Without e'er a knife?
How will he be married,
Without e'er a wife?

Bow, wow, wow,
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker's dog,
Bow, wow, wow.

Dickery, dickery, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down,
Dickery, dickery, dock.

Piping hot, smoking hot,
What I've got,
You have not.
Hot grey pease, hot, hot, hot;
Grey pease, hot.

Tell tale tit,
Your tongue shall be slit,
And all the dogs in our town
Shall have a bit.

ROBIN and Richard
Were two pretty men,
They lay in bed
Till the clock struck ten:
Then up starts Robin,
And looks at the sky;
Oh! brother Richard,
The sun's very high;
You go before,
With the bottle and bag,
And I will come after,
On little Jack nag.

HERE's A, B, and C,
D, E, F, and G,
H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q,
R, S, T, and U,
W, X, Y, and Z,
And here's the child's dad,
Who is sagacious and discerning,
And knows this is the fount of
learning.

THERE was an old Woman,
And she sold puddings and pies,
She went to the mill,
And the dust flew into her eyes;
Hot pies, and cold pies, to sell,
Wherever she goes,
You may follow her by the smell.

THERE were two blackbirds
Sat upon a hill,
The one was nam'd Jack,
The other nam'd Gill;
Fly away Jack,
Fly away Gill,
Come again Jack,
Come again Gill.

THIS pig went to market,
That pig staid at home;
This pig had roast meat,
That pig had none;
This pig went to the barn door,
And cried, week, week, for more.

Infantine Sonnets.

I.

When I was a little boy,
I liv'd by myself,
And all the bread
And cheese I got,
I laid upon a shelf;
The rats and the mice
They made such a strife,
That I was forc'd to go to town,
And buy me a wife.

II.

The streets were so broad,
The lanes were so narrow,
I was forc'd to bring my wife
home
In a wheel-barrow;
The wheel-barrow broke,
And my wife had a fall;
——————— Farewell
Wheel-barrow, wife, and all.

WHAT care I how black I be,
Twenty pounds will marry me;
If twenty won't, forty shall,
I'm my mother's bouncing girl.

O my kitten a kitten,
And oh! my kitten, my deary,
Such a sweet pap as this
There is not far nor neary;
There we go up, up, up,
Here we go down, down, down,
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, round.

THERE was an old Woman
Liv'd under a hill,
She put a mouse in a bag,
And sent it to the mill:
The miller did swear
By the point of his knife,
That he never took toll
Of a mouse in his life.

A long-tail'd pig, or a short-tail'd
pig,
Or a pig without any tail;
A sow pig, or a boar pig,
Or a pig with a curling tail.
Take hold of the tail, and eat off his
head,
And then you'll be sure the pig-hog
is dead.

Ding dong bell,
The cat is in the well;
Who put her in?
Little Johnny Green.
What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did any harm,
And kill'd the mice in his father's
barn.

Bah, bah, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full;
One for my master,
One for my dame,
But none for the little boy
Who cries in the lane.

When I was a little boy,
I had but little wit,
'Tis a long time ago,
And I have no more yet;
Nor ever, ever shall,
Until that I die,
For the longer I live,
The more fool am I.

Patty cake, patty cake,
Baker's man;
That I will, master,
As fast as I can;

Prick it, and prick it,
And mark it with a T,
And there will be enough
For Jackey and me.

We're three brethren out of Spain,
Come to court your daughter Jane;
My daughter Jane she is too young,
She has no skill in a flattering
tongue.
Be she young, or be she old,
'Tis for her gold she must be sold,
So fare ye well, my lady gay,
We must return another day.

FINIS.

This is to give Notice,

To all pretty little Girls and Boys,

THAT at the Place where this Book was bought, they may meet with the following, which will divert them exceedingly.

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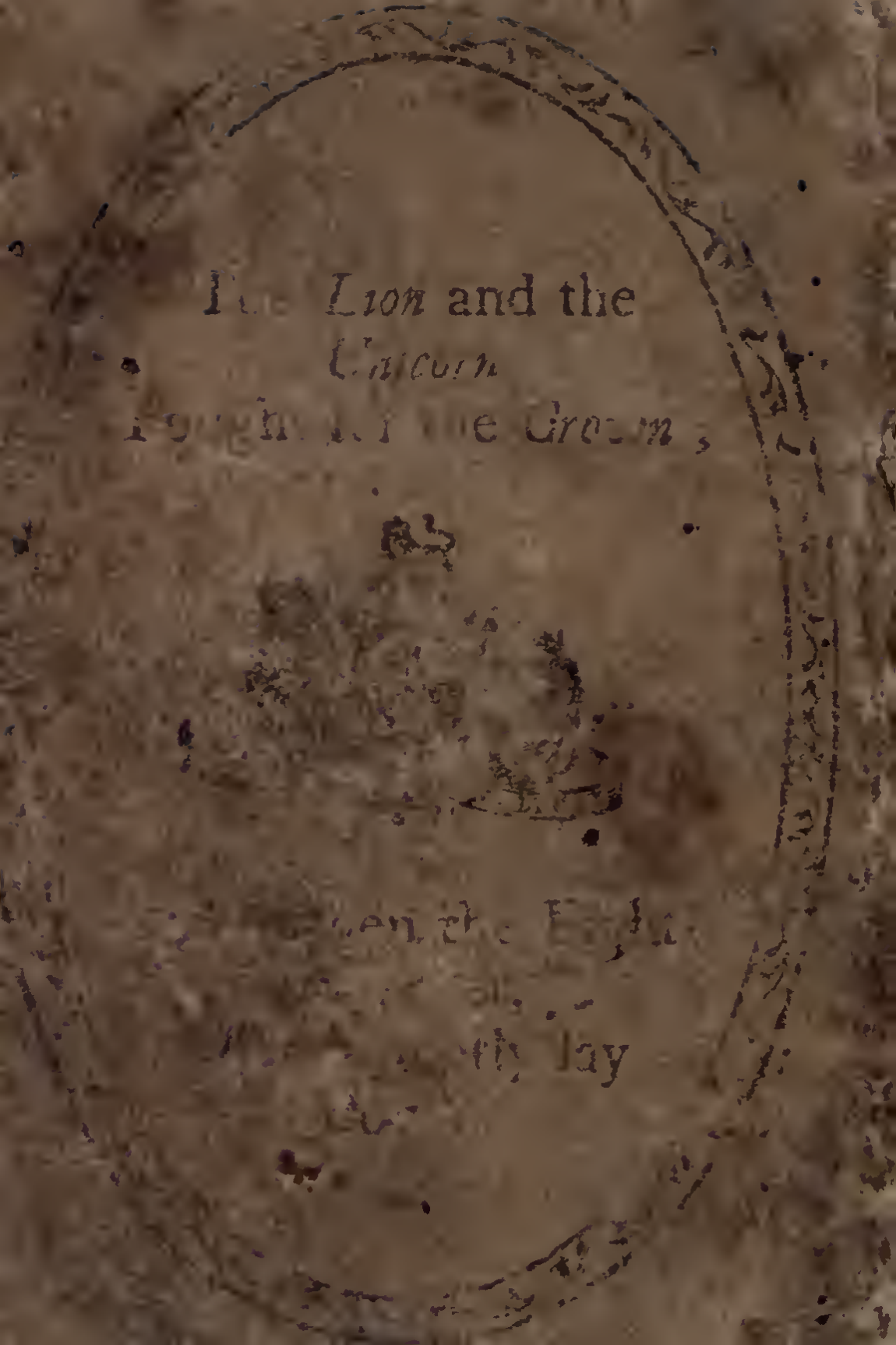
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